

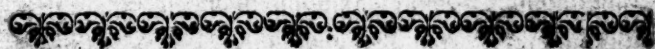
A
Briefe and summarie
discourse upon that lamen-
table and dreadfull disaster
at DUNGLASSE.
*Anno 1640. the penult
of August.*

Collected from the soundest
and best instructions,

That time and place could certainly
affoord, the serious enquire of the
painfull and industrious Author.



By WILLIAM LITHGOW.



EDINBURGH,
Printed by ROBERT BRAYSON.

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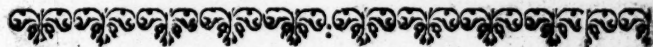
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By W I L L I A M L I T H G O V V.



EDINBURGH,
Printed by R O B E R T B R Y S O N.

An Iron ram Sou=
tellenresweg fram
James Gibbon ————— 241

and roe ramgoz tellen — 2411



The Argument.

and I raura measure lleen 2411

WHat mean you Poets now? where are your verse?
Shall Gallants die? will you forget their Herse?
Shall after times be robbd, of what disasters
Have now falne out? fye on you Poetasters

Why sit you dumb? or can you not performe
So sad a task, on such a grievous storme?
Else gape you for reward, whilst there is none
Left to requite you, save your selves alone:
This perhaps may stop you, why? without gains,
Prest Penmen shrink, its true, gifts sweeten pains
But most men think, pathetick stiles seem hard
For some to do, the like hath numbers marrde:
Shall I grown old then write? nay, I must to it,
Since you, and your young straines refuse to do it,
This work ten months ago, had seen the light,
But unperformde promises, bred o're sight.
At London, and at home: should I conceale
For blandements, what I'm bound to reveale,
And at my cost dischargde: No, that were rare,
To see mee court (Camelion like) the aire.
VVould God like subject, heavens from earth had close,
Then friends nor foes, had grievd, nor yet rejoicde.

The argument.

But all Monarchick Tyme must seal this blow,
What we construct, that sequel times may know :
Deeds smotherd, lye intombd, thoughts without words,
Are dumb mens signes, what our prime light affords,
Is utterance from knowledge ; though now dark times,
Shut murder up, closde with perfidious crimes :
Nay, whats not now ? hands, seals, oathes, writs, & vows,
Are cancelld, or forsworne ; deceit allows
Base falshood, for best truth : (O treacherous hearts !)
How shall the heavens revenge us ! on your parts
Yet patience crowns our sufferings, and none such
But they who can the marke of conscience touch.
Then since its so ; that words and woes agree,
Let silence sleep, Ile mourne where mourners be.

Times

Times sorrowfull disaster
at *Dunglasse*, containing infallible
grounds and reasons, how that most
execrable and parracidiall deed
was committed.

Et melting fouds, sad silent groaves, and winds
Bank-falling brooks, & shril woods that blinds
Prest Nymphall lifts; let frowning time, & all
The Elements admyre, this monstrous fall,
And marveilous mishape, done under tract
Of homicide, by an abortive fact:
Come let them roare, and rent the azures skies,
(Lamenting this lament) with shrinking cries,
And agitat reports: let ecchoing hills,
From their wide sighted tops, rebounding fills,
The solitarie plains, with trembling sounds,
Of dreadfull Massacres; gorging stressd bounds,
With laborinths of fears; come spend their time,
To sift the Traitour, and that treacherous cryme:
Which this black herse averrs: let heavens, and all,
That move, and live, within earths massie ball;
Adhere, and witnesse bear, of these disasters,
And by their kindes, turne prodigall worne wasters,
Of warrie woes: let darkned dens and caves,
Steep rocks sunk glens, dead creatures from their graves
Shout forth their plaints, slowre stormy showres of grief
To plead our pleading losse. And to be brief;
Come soul-set mourners, for untimely death,
That can expresse your sighes, and panting breath
With

Times sorrowfull disaster

With hollow groanes, come shed with me salt teares,
And plunging sobs, for mourning now appeares :
Say, if deep sorrow, may from passive mood,
Turn warric woes, in a *Palmenian* flood :
Its more then time, Coepartners had their share,
Grim grief is easde, when care reforgeth care,
For if the minde (like to a soul tormented)
Make passion speak, melancholy is vented.

What shaking terror stroke me to the heart,
Whilst I conceivd the fact, and saw the part
Left desolate and spoild, and so confounded
That my forced cryes, from Ecchoes twice rebounded,
Fell startlings down, where they and I lay so,
Alive or dead, I knew not, if, or no :
For passion (like to rapsodies) subverts
The vitall sense, extreames construct our smarts.
And none so shallow, but they may conceive
That sudden news, if bad, our souls do leave,
Laid in a litargie, of senselesse sleep,
Till roused, and then pale eyne begin to weep:
Such pearling drops, with windy sighs and sobs
Heart groaning grief, and *Cataphalion* blobs,
When brust, begets a voice, that voice sad words
Which now my self; to my sought self affords.

O fatall stroke ! O dolefull day and houre !
What raging hate, made time to lurk and loure,
To murder such brave sparks, (beside all others)
A noble Lord, two Knights, and two kinde brother:
All *Hamiltons* of note ? with many moe,
Which in a Catalogue, I will thee show,
Placd here at the conclusion, for direction
So far by tryall, as I got inspection,
VVith cost and toylsome paines : who can deplore
Their tragick end ? else who can keep in store

Their

at *Dunglasse*.

Their fatall names ? full threescore young and old,
Were killd and quell'd, in that unhappie hould ;
And smotherd down with stones : like fearfull end
Was ne'er heard of : what ? did a cloud portend
That blustering blow, which rose on sunday morne,
Forth from the sea, and to *Dunglasse* was borne.
O pitifull preface t which they did see,
Yet had no luck, from that hard luck to flee.
But what ? who can expresse this grievous act ?
Hearts may conceive, what no pen can extract :
Some few of all were safe, and onely nine,
Of which there two, this mem'rie I propyne ;
Young *Dalmahoy* and happie *Prestongrange*,
Who by heavens marv'lous mercy, in this change
Did wondrously escape ; and yet both wounded,
Have in that harne, their health again refounded,
All thanks to *Jove*: Lord make them wise to know
Their lives sweet safetie, in that dreadfull blow.
For in the twinkling of a rolling eye,
Their friends and they were severd : But come see,
How all the rest lye shent, some undiscoverd
Are there shut up, with heaps of fragments coverd,
And bodies torne and crushd : what shall I say ?
But curse th' accident , of that dismall day.

What, had the destinies, or angrie fates,
Crosse the constellations, deaths prodigious Mates,
Or ominous aspects, self-bloudy Comets,
That like prest whirlwindes, their furie vomits,
With anxious threats on man, decreed this wonder !
That dye they must, and dye with such a thunder.
O sterne mortalitie ! that with their death,
Rest blind posteritie, of lookd for breath,
And natures tract, for they thryce hopefull Syres,
Might have had children to their full desires :

Which

Times sorrowfull disaster

Which now we want, whilst they themselves are laid
As low as dust, by deaths predom'nant spade.

But stay sad soul, what means these heaps of stones,
And lumps of walls, spread as confused ones;
Trace here and there: where, when I went a spying,
My heart it faild me, and I fell a crying:
O Heavens! (said I) how came this deed to passe?
So many Worthies slain, in sackt *Dunglasse*:
For what? by whom? what evill had they done?
That one blackfudden blast, they could not shun:
Wast their Ancestors fault? their owne much worse?
Their kinreds guilt or friends? their childrens curse?
Or hyrelings scourge? O Heavens will ye conceal
This stratagem, and not the truth reveal:
If mortall men were angels, we should know
The cause, the sin, the Wretch, the hand the blow:
But this combustion, ah! confused tort,
Was but a crack: and now to make it short,
There's one suspect'd, and that suspicions true,
Actor he was, if done of spight, judge you,
As after you shall hear: But I'll proceed
In method and in matter, so take heed.

Lo, I have searchd, and tryde, and seen the place,
And spoke with some alive; but for the cace
And manner how, they know no more, then they
Who never saw't, so sudden was the fray:
That even the thought, of that prepostrous fit,
Was sensible, to have robbd them of their wit,
If deeply weighd: as who would from a rock,
Leap headlong in the sea, such was that knock,
These Innocents receivd: a Lyons heart
Would shake in pieces, to conceive their smart,
And short farewell. So quick was their goodnight,
Like to a Faulcon in his hungrie flight.

That

at *Dunglasse.*

That lends the eye a glance, that heart nor minde
Can show the like, except the rushing winde.
Which forceth me, (if melting woes may mourne)
Backwards to look, and to my plaints returne:
O sad disaster! so monstrous and cruel,
As if hells mouth, had lent the action fewell,
Is more then admirable: what flesh can
Dascon the fault, and that short fury scan.

Afore the floud and after, the like blow
Was never heard of, nor no time can show
So foule a tragick act: done, and undone,
Was both the deed, and dead; the glimpsing Moone
Vvas in the wayning hushd, as if the night
That followd on, had lost its borrowd light
From curling *Thetis*: Like crack, nor like smoake
Made never *Strombolo*, that burning rock
In the *Eufemian* gulf; nor *Vulcans* shop
In the *Æolian* Iles, can this o'retop,
Nor no like furious flame; nor *Ætnaes* fire
In three set parts, may with this crack aspire,
For all its force: was malice so incensde,
That neither space nor favour, was propensde
To harmelesse honestie. O dreadfull doome!
That with a clap, did threescore lives consume.
Or was it so, that flesh and bloud may shrink,
To ruminat on them? or shall wethink
But our deserts are worse; the good with bad
Do suffer oft, for destinie is mad.

Me thinks that hell broke loose, and that the Divell
Had got his reynes, the actor of this evill:
O divine providence! how could this be?
VWhen he thats kept in chains, was now set free
Is he not limitd, and thy mighty power
Set to controule him, else he vvould devour

Times sorrowfull disaster

Thy Saints, and choicelings, but belike its so
Thou lets him smite, yet saves thy people tho:
He could not torture *Job*, without commission
Nor yet work here, without thy large permission:
Was there no way to death, but by the rage
Of a tempestuous sound? could nought assuage
Thine angrie face, O God! but dyethey must,
And with a violent rapt, be throwne to dust,
As Doomesday had been set, to raze the world
With twinckling speed, so were they from us hurld.
If done in field or battell, it had been.

No cause of sorrow, lesse of weeping eyne.
For *Mars* conceives no sturt, nor will allow
His Darlings should, to peevisish wayling bow,
Which we must yeeld to: yet if we compare
Acts past, with present, this fact must be rare.

How Kings werè murderd, & their Kingdoms thrown
Downe to destruction, is distinctly known
By pen and penfile; and preceeding times
Have left to us the reason, and their crymes.
Proud *Pyrhus* with a stone, from a weak hand
Lost life and Kingdome, and his great command:
And *Agamemnon*, after ten yeares warres,
Returnd; when done, were vanquisht *Phrigian* jarres,
Was by his page transactd, (with a back thrust)
From high bred honour, to disdainfull dust.
VVhat blood was shed, in the *Pharsalian* field,
Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*; both did weild
The accidents of fortune, for they strove
To lord the earth, next to imperiall *Jove*;
Cesar was victor, and that *Romane* floure
Lost all the world, within one dismall houre:
Yet *Cesar* smart, (the Fates his doome extend)
He rose with blood, and made a bloody end.

I will

at *Dunglasse.*

I will not speak, of *Tamberlanes* great fight
Five hundred thousands, put to death and flight :
Nor from the *Thebane* Captaines will I bring
Their bloody Trophées, nor of *Carthage* sing,
And her subverted Champion ; nor sackt *Tyrt*,
Nor *Ilions* doome, shall my pen set on fire:
Nor siege I *Jebus*, (*Josephs* sacred storie)
Where vanquishd Jews, lost with themselves their glory
Nor of the eastern Monarchy Ile sing,
How *Philips* son, was made a *Persian* King,
And spread his wings to *Ganges* ; whence returnde,
To *Babels* delicates ; where fortune spurnd,
Against his pride, and by a slave (made slave)
Was rest, of what he rest, nay, worse the grave.

Like instances, I many could produce,
But these may serve, for to shut up the sluice :
Yet what of all, can all these paralell
This horrid murder : No, I will thee tell
Like villany and fact, read never man,
If with the matter, you the manner scan.
Traitors to Castles fled, fraught with dispaire,
Have blown themselves, and fortunes in the aire
But that was madnesse : Voluntarie acts
Are murders, the Devil constructs such facts :
But this *malheure*, ah ! unexpected disdain,
Came thundring forth, and with its crack they're flaine,
A ravishd thing, like to a thought or gleame
Of fancies fled ; so was this deed a dream,
To sight and swift conceit : O wondrous wonder !
And fearfull blacknesse, of a boystrous thunder,
Which rent the clouds: Oh! what shall I report,
To correspond this all predominant tort :
But stay and muse, on accidents have been,
Or voluntary deeds, too often seen;

Times sorrowfull disaster

Cross'd ships at sea mislead, by chance, or spight,
Or for revenge, been vanquish'd by strong fight
Have blown themselves aloft. Looke for the nones,
How men were burnt, and slaine, and drownde at ones;
Take here the Popes *armado*, lately shrunk,
Where seas with Papists blood, were soundly drunk
Along the *Kentish* shoare, till *Neptune* staggerd,
Whilst hyrelings on, his tumbling sides they swaggerd:
We thank thee *Martin Trump*, thou playd a Spring
On thy great Trumpes, made *Tritons* dancers sing
Spaine and *Romes* overthrow; and set us free
From their damnd plots, perfidious policie.
I will not here insist, although I can
Discuss their projects, subject, craft, and man.

Then to illustrate all, take Eighty Eight,
Take merchant fights, take Pirats, & more slight
Take *Tartarets* and Frigots, you shall see
When stress'd and clasp'd, how desperately they die:
This word, Give fire, transcends them through the aire
Where with themselves, their foes the like doe share,
And seldome failes, unlesse a distance be,
The one been fackt, the other back doth flee.
VVhat of like accidents, they're but extreames
Forced on revenge, self-murder crownes their names
VVith endlesse torture: But ah! this deed now done,
Can not be match'd, with nought beneath the Sunne.
Yet some Ile point, to let you see what wounds
Depend on Climats, and their sun-scorch'd bounds.

Then I to Earthquakes come, and deafning thunder,
VVhere Ile touch three grosse accidents of wonder,
At *Berat* near *Castras* in *Languedock*,
A thunder-bolt upon thee steeple broke
(The folk been fled for safetie to the Church)
Full sixteen hundreds, clos'd within its Porch)

at *Dunglasse*.

The steeple (stroke) fell down, and with its fall
Down came the Church, the tecture, roof, and al
VVhich smotherd the whole people: Never one
Escapd that roaring shor, save twelve alone
That kept at home, been sicklie, agd, and lame,
And had no strength, to court this falling frame,
This stone walld town laid waste, the sequel day
I came to view it, fearfull was the fray :
This thundring blow fell out, on fryday morne
One thousand, six hundred, and thirteen worne.
From thence to *Lombardie*, Ile quicklie trace,
To *Pearie*, that incorporat haplesse place,
Set on the river *Ladishae*, and closd
Between two hills, the Alpes are here disclosde
VVhich bend to *Rhetiaes* land: this citie crownd
For Orenge, Fig, and Len on, was renownd:
The tenth of August, and on sunday night,
At eight a clock, appeard a fearfull sight :
An earthquake shook the hill, above, and under:
The town streets trembled, like quagmyres asunder :
The rock falls from above, the towne it sunk
Ingulfd within earths bosome : as it shrunk,
There was none savd, not woman, man, nor childe,
Nor gold, nor goods, (the truth been here instyld)
Except a bell, that from the steeple brust,
When it was swallowd, with a counter-thrust:
The river followd on, and in it run
Long five houres space, till all was full, and done
Returnd to its own course: the Bell was found
On th'other side of *Ladish*, dasht on ground:
Three thousand lives were lost, and ly interr'd,
VVithin one grave: behold, how fortune errd.
Last to *Bizantium*, I amazed come,
To reckon on mishaps, and there's the summe,

Times sorrowfull disaster

In winter (not in Harv't the usuall time,
When *Terramoti* court, each parched clyme)
An earthquake movd, and in the town it fals,
Near *Bosphores* side, and razd a myle of wals,
Which fenced the place; and in that glutting downe
Three thousand houses, land, and sea did drowne,
Which held ten thousand people: but its true,
There were few *Greeks*, the most were *Turke* and *Jew*,
And so the lesser losse: I will not stand
Here to expostulate (from hand to hand)
How that ground was recoverd; but it cost
The great *Turke* more, than all was drown'd and lost:
But for their sepulchre, I daring swear,
I never saw the like, as I saw here.
Lo, this great judgement fell, in dark December,
One thousand six hundred, ten, as I remember.

Yet to comment on this, these incidents,
Arise as *Bassads*, from their elements,
Of fire, and aire: the one through clouds it brusts,
The other choaks it, with retorting gusts:
Composde of contraries, lightning, and raine,
The former forced, the sequell addes the straine.
The last as reinvestd, in earth is found,
When hollow sun-scorchd chinks, divide the ground:
The winde rushd in, begets a monstrous birth,
That can transplant, or raze mountaines of earth.
Townes, forts, or Cittadales, transforme a lake,
In heaps of sand; so, so, the earth can quake:
Not done by airt, nor hand, or hellish plots,
As this abortive deed (expofd on *Scots*)
Was by the Devill devisde, he actd his part
And causd distress, with groaning Patients smart
Done by *Ned Paris*, arraignd at the Court
Of Heaven, and Earth, for this tremendous tort

Enforced

at Dunghasse.

Enforced on death. Come let thy ghost appear,
To answer for thy fact, thats sisted here:
Wast done of malice? or of negligence?
If not of purpose, lesse was thine offence.
And yet no oversight, nor carelesse minde,
Can thee excuse, for that would judgement blind;
No, its not so, thy bloody oathes and curses
Bewrayd thy drift; thy foure times mounting horses,
That after noon: and still would flee, yet stayd,
The train was laid, but thou the fact delayd,
Till thy Lords comming back, with knights and gentry
VWherein the inner Court, just at the entrie,
To mount the stairs, there, there, thou smote thy maister
And many Gallants with that damnd disaster:
VWhich in thy looks was seen, ere it was done,
Mischief hung in thy face, that after noone,
With railing, swearing, cursing, boasting some,
(VWhom thou affectd) to haste soon to their home:
And yet one scapd, whom thy menacing throat
Did spur away, the greater his good lot,
The stable keeper there, *Will Paterson*,
That did attend thee then, set me this down.
But Ile come near, and try more strict conclusions,
Base mindes ill set, are fosters of confusions;
Then what meant that irne ladle in thine hand
Tane from the Kitchin hot (O hels fyrebrand!)
VWhence to the *magaZin*, thou kept thy way,
VWhere eighteen hundred weight of powder lay,
Of which thou hadst the charge, and onely thou
Came onely there: what? did thy Lord bestow
On thee that trust, and durst thou play the knave
To kill thy Maister: Vile opprobious slave,
Mad were thy brains, and still were known for madnesse
All times absurd, and rammage in thy badnesse:

A great

Times sorrowfull disaster

A great blasphemers of Gods name, and more
Thy proverb was, Devill damne me, there's the gore,
That slew thee with that slaughter: O curfewretch!
And wicked drudge how could thou this way stretch
Thy cruel hands, was there no pittie left
To save the saiklesse? was thou so far rest,
(O senselesse sot) from reason and respect
Of men and Maister, that thou wouldst infect
The earth and aire with murder: Oft I said
To thine and my consorts, this *English* blade
Is neither sound nor civil: O! how can
His Lord give trust, to such a frantick man:
A daily drunkard, sotting here and there,
Led with deboshrie, and infernall care.

Another thing condemnes thee, that same night,
An houre before the deed, in deep despiht,
Thou wouldst not give to souldiers, match, nor ball,
Nor powder, save two shots: And worst of all
These Carabines thou chargd, and didst deliver
To *Troupers* were half chargd: nor seldome ever
Had half of them flint stones: their bals were choakd
Half raches downe, and could not be revokd,
Nor shot undread, though time and place cravd aid,
Bred from that *Barwick* fray, was there defrayd.
Thy speech disclosd thy spight, thy rammage looke
And glooming browes, gave signes (if not mistook)
Of unafronted drifts: thy grumbling words,
And chattring lips, were sharper far then swords,
which erst had been more calme: this tale was thine,
Some *Scots* ere long should smart, as they at *Tine*,
Which wore the Papall badge: vvhich thou performd,
Whē that brave house, with thy cursd hāds thou stormd
Vvhich vvas made knowvn to some three dayes before
The deed vvas done, it vould be done, and more

These

Dunglaine.

These news from *Barwick* came, and many heare it,
 But could not know the manner how to feare it :
 Which shows it was devisd, and sought, and wrought
 By *Traitours* in both lands, ere it was brought
 To such a dreadfull passe. Had this Wretch livd,
 Doubtlesse some had, in both the Kingdomes grievd,
 And lost their *Hydra* necks : Now Ile returne
 To cavell with the *Traitour*, and this turne.
 Thy body in three parts, fore torne was found
 And one of them thy legge, which on the ground,
 Lay twelveweeks hid 'mongst stones, and this I saw
 Two Swyne its flesh, from thy curfde bones did gnaw
 A just and loathsome sight : In thy left hand
 The irne ladle stuck fast ; the grip and band
 Was hard and sure, that scarce one man could throw
 The ladle from thy fingers ; there's a blow.
 Would God before *Breda*, that thou hadst died
 Three yeares ago, where thou wast vilified
 With every souldier ; then this wofull deed
 Had not been done, nor such deep grievance spread
 In honest hearts. O vyle barbarian barbour,
 And son of a poore Porter, could thou harbour
 So deadly damnd disdain, as for to kill
 All kinde of sex, in thy most sceleratill :
 Nay, could not spare thy self ; had thou no wit
 To save thy self and flee, when time thought fit.
 Away unhappie beast, what shall I conster ?
 But curse thy birth, bred for a murdering monster :
 Did not thy Maister cloath thee, like a Knight,
 And stuff thy purse with gold : O thanklesse wight !
 His love thy life abusde, whilst drunken snake,
 The Tavern turnd thy Church ; did thou forsake
 The law of duetie, but curst *Malandrine*,
 Thy brain-sick pate, must run on his ruine.

Times sorrow full weeper
Might not seven yeares twice o're command thy part.
To honour his familiar noble heart :
Were ever any knew him, but admyrd
How his rich minde, was with great gifts inspyrd,
And hardinesse of Heart ; Lord *W.W.* may,
Recall that combat, of his vanquishd day :
And could this *Ruffian*, th'abje&t of a *Traitour*,
Injure so high a sprite, so kynde a Nature.
And yet he lives, (so great was his good name)
Christ's Martyr, truths mirrour, faiths soul-plight fame
The cause was good he dyed for, but the fact
And parricide, was hatefull, here's the tract.

O inhumane ! most execrable deed !
So barbrous neckt, with a *Cyclopi*an head,
Framd like *Enceladus* ; that thrice methinks,
He's worse than Villane, at this murder winks ;
What heathnick, or what pagane ? savage bloud
What infidel ? could have proyd half so rude
As this curfde captive, *Englands* Monster borne,
That with the fact, left life and soul forlorne,
What *Jamnite* ? or what *Sabunck* ? garlick slaves
Would not to nature stoupe ? whose light conceive
A tender kindnesse, to conserve the race
Of mankinde, Vertue, having the first place :
But this *Cerberian* snake, had no regard
To great nor small, like doome was never heard
As he decreed : ah ! I want words and breath
For to detect this *Charon*, and their death.
But he like *Erostratus* would aspire,
That set *Dianas* Temple in a fire,
To purchase flying fame : So frantick he
In this *Catastrophe*, would living be,
Which I adhere to, and for longer time,
Ile fix on brasse, his filthy fact and cryme.

at Dunglasse.

If any be suspected, more than this wretch,
Let justice, and sound judgement to it stretch,
And let our Parliament, sift and search out
The plot, the man, the guilt, if there be doubt.
For common fame I leave't, and for like torts,
Of tortring tongues, Ile not build on reports.
Why? thats absurd to follow flying fame,
Its deep experience, reares up truth a Name.

Now Ile return to my Patherick style,
And mourne wih mourning Ladies grievd the while,
For losse of their dear husbands; O pale woe!
When two made one, the knot dissolves in two,
Rent by the Fates, egregious whirling rage,
And not by frequent death, done by a Page,
And quintiscenced Salpeter: O who can!
Their melancholy mindes, in sadnes scan!
Each soul reserves its grief, each hath like losse,
For life there's death, for comfort sorrows crosse
A common woe; peculiar to each one
Graft, and engraves, a sympathizing moane:
First, thou great Dame, thrice noble by thy birth,
Sprung from a princely stock: what tongue on earth
With words can swage thy woes? thy sorrows show,
From heart-grown grief, that foule pernicious blow,
Attachd fore thee: thy face, thy food, thy rest,
And sleep denote, how thy sad soul's oppressd
With helpelesse care: whilst scarcely half a year
Did thou enjoy this dearest Jewell, thy Dear:
Great was that love, thy loving *Hadington*
Bore to thy soul: thy love again did crowne
His fixt respect: By which your tender hearts
Knit up in one, made love act both your parts:
That *Hymen* blusht (the god of sacred rites)
To see how love involvd in one, two sprites:

Times sorrowfull disaster

And why : no wonder, both alike excelld,
The one the other, in goodnesse paraleld,
He spoke, you smild, he winkd, & you conceivd
His mentall scope, what great content receivd
Your mutuall intents, whilst demonstration
Reciprocat, brought *Paphos* one oblation :
And yet he left thee, not to live alone,
But left thee his fair *Phenix*, being gone.
A pledge of comfort, representing still
His face, thy stamp, his heart, thy love, his will.

O like *Penelope* ! if thou couldst spinne
A daily threed, and that same threed untwinne,
Till he turnd back, so that the fates had sworne
Thy pennance should be, twentie winters borne,
And he redeemd : But stay sad Muse, returne,
Galld grief and love, can not together mourne.
Two passions, two extreames, and here I finde,
They're violent rapt, in either of each kinde,
Away with *Didoes* stroke, *Lucretiaes* smart,
Faire *Hieroes* thrust, *Palmeniaes* fatall dart,
Which grim despaire (not love) forced them to act
Their self-sought murder, in a tragick fact :
Call, call to mind ! Gods providence, and see
Nought comes to passe, without heavens high decree,
Which mortals must embrace : then Lady spare
Thy ruthlesse grief, lay on the Lord thy care.

And ye the rest, deare Ladies in your kindes,
Let sorrow smart, take comfort, lift your mindes
Above all worldly crosses ; you shall see,
The length of dayes ; hence soules eternitie
In endlesse peace : Cast all your grieve on God,
He can release, and chasten, bruise the rod.
Lo, deepest streames, in smoothest silence flyde,
Whilst Channels roar, so shallow mourners glyde,

With

at Dungleffe.

With words at will, but mighty cares sit dumbe,
Like livelesse corps, laid in a livelesse Tombe:
Whence moistned vapours, forced from humid woes
Lye in oblivion terrd. And now to close,
As quickly went their soules to heaven, we hope,
As their lives quickly fled: the traitours scope
Was set on murder: but their Angels watchd
And caught their sprites, as with a twinkling catchd
To Paradise: Where now thrice blest they be,
With glorie crownde; heires of eternitie,
And endlesse joyes: for they as Martyres died,
And now sweet souls, with triumphs dignified:
Set up 'mongst Hierarchies, of sacred sprites,
That to their blest societic, them invites,
To seale their Martyredome, in Jesus hand
Cled with his righteousnesse: Who can demand
A better state: then face for face, to face,
The face of faces, in that glorious place;
Where Saints and Martyres, environing round,
The old Eternall, with the joyfull sound
Of Aleluiaes, sing before the throne
Holy, holy, Lord, to Heavens holy One,
The Lambe of God, hembd in with burning glore,
Praise, might, dominion, Majestie, and power:
Where they (thrice hopefull happie) ever blest,
Are crownd and raigne, in long eternall rest.

So, so forbear, ye who keep grief in store,
Take up your crosse, and for them mourne no more.

Times sorrowfull disaster

And now followeth the names of the most part of them that died at *Dunglasse*, the penult of August, 1640. so farre as possibly the Author could collect by serious instruction, and diverse informations, both of the vulgars, and better sort.

T *Thomas Earle of Hadington.*
Robert Hammilton of Binny his brother.
Master Patrick Hammilton, his naturall brother.
Sir Alexander Hammilton of Lamfield.
Sir John Hammilton of Redhouse.
Colonel Erskine, son to John late Earl of Mar.
John Keith, son to George late earle Marshall
Sir Gideon Baillie of Lochend.
Laird of Ingilstoun elder.
Laird of Gogor elder.
Alexander Moore, heritour of Skimmer.
John Gate Minister at Bunckle.
Niniane Chirneside in Aberladie.
James Sterling Lieutenant.
Alexander Cuninghame Lieutenant.
David Pringle Barbour Chirurgion.
Robert Faulconer, Sergeant.
George Vach, Haddingtons Purveyer.
John White Plaistrer, an English man.
William Symington, Lochends servant.
George Neilson in Alhamstocks.
James Cuninghame in Hadington.

John Manderstoun.

Matthew Forrest.

Patrick Batie.

Alaster Drummond, alias Gundamore.

John Campbell.

John Idington.

James Foord, John Arnots post boy.

John Orre.

Andrew Braidie.

John Tillidaff.

John Keith, a childe.

Women five.

Women five.

Margaret Arnot, daughter to the Postmaister at Cockburnspeth.

Marjorie Dickson, John Keiths servant.

Marion Carnecrosse.

Aleison Gray.

With twelve bore armes, whose names I could not ken,
Souldiers for time, not mercenary men :
The rest (unfound) ly terred, corps, clothes, and bones
Under huge heaps of glutinated stones.

Lo, I have done, as much as lay in me,
To try the truth, and blaze it, likes it thee,
Ime pleasde : if not, a figge for Carpers checks,
Whose chattring spight, the rule of reason brecks.
And now to close, let Criticks of all ranks,
Convince their censures, and yeeld me kinde thanks
For what gain I, save labour, pains, and cost,
To show the living, how the dead were lost.

FINIS.

Seabirds

Seabirds 4



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